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HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

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N. B. There are other persons besides the editor who will write for the paper, but their names are too humorous to mention.

ARTEMUS WARD,

ON THE CELEBRATION AT BALDINSVILLE, IN HONOR OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

Baldinsville, Injianny, Sep the 1oest, 1858.—I was summund home from Cinsinnaty quite suddin by a lettur from the Supervizers of Baldinsville, sayin as how grate things was on the Tapis in that air town in reffernse to sellebratin the compleshun of the Sub-Mershine Tellegraph & axkin me to be Present. Lockin up my Kangeroo and wax wurks in a sekure stile I took my departer for Baldinsville—"my own, my nativ lan," which I gut intwo at early kandle litin on the follerin night & just as the sellerbrashun and illumernashun ware commensin.

Baldinsville was trooly in a blaze of glory. Near can I forget the surbline speckticul which met my gase as I alited from the Staige with my umbreller and verlise. The Tarvern was lit up with taller kandles all over & a grate bon fire was burnin in frunt thareof. A Transpirancy was tied onto the sine post with the follerin wurds—"Giv us Liberty or Deth." Old Tompkinsis grosery was illumernated with 5 tin lantuns and the follerin Transpirancy was in the winder—"The Sub-Mershine Tellergraph & and the Baldinsville and Stonefield Plank Road—the 2 grate eventz of the 19th centerry—may intestines strife never mar their grandjure." Simpkinsis shoe shop was all ablase with kandles and lantuns, A American Eagle was painted onto a flag in a winder—also these wurds, viz—"The Constitooshun must be Presatved." The Skool house was lited up in grate stile and the winders was filld with mottoes amung which I notised the follerin—"Trooth smashed to erth shall rize again—YOU CAN'T STOP HER." "The Boy stood on the Burnin Deck whense awl but him had Fled." "Prokrastinashun is the theef of Time." "Be virtoous & you will be Happy." "Intemperunse has cawsed a heap of trubble—shun the Bole," and the follerin sentimunt written by the skool master, who graduated at Hudson Kollige. "Baldinsville sends greetin to Her Magisty the Queen, & hopes all hard feelins which has heretofore previs bin felt between the Supervizers of Baldinsville and the British Parliament, if such there has been, may now be forever wiped frum our Escutchuns. Baldinsville this night rejoises over the gerlorious event which sements 2 grate nashuns onto one anuther by means of a elecktric wire under the roarin billers of the Nasty Deep. Quocqus TANTRUM, A BUTLER, CATERLINY, PATENT NOSTRUM!" Squire Smith's house was lited up regardless of expense. His little sun William Henry stood upon the roof firin orf crackers. The old 'Squire hisself was dressed up in soljer clothes and stood on his door-step, pintin his sword sollumly to a American flag which was suspendid on top of a pole in frunt of his house. Frequiently he would take orf his cocked hat & wave it round in a impressive stile. His oldest darter Mis Isabeller Smith, who has just cum home from the Perkinsville Female Instertoot, appeared at the frunt winder in the West room as the goddis of liberty, & sung "I see them on their windin way." Booteus 1, sed I to myself, you air a angil & nothin shorter. N. Boneparte Smith, the Squire's oldest sun, drest hisself up as Venus the God of Wars and red the Decleracion of Inderpendunse from the left chamber winder. The Squire's wife didn't jine in the festiverties. She said it was the tarnulest nonsense she ever seed. Sez she to the 'Squire, "Cum into the house and go to bed you old fool, you. Tomorrer you'll be goin round half-ded with the rumertism & won't gin us a minit's peace till you get well." Sez the 'Squire, "Betsy, you little appresiate the importance of the event which I this night commemerate." Sez she, "Commemerate a cat's tail—cum into the house this instant, you pesky old critter." "Betsy," sez the 'Squire, wavin his sword, "retire." This made her just as mad as she could stick. She retired, but cum out agin putty quick with a panfull of Bilin hot water which she throwed all over the 'Squire, & Surs, you wood have split your sides larfin to see the old man jump up and holler & run into the house. Except this unpropishus circumstance all went as merry as a carriage bell, as Lord Byrun sez. Doctor Hutchinsis offiss was likewise lited up and a Transpirancy on which was painted the Queen in the act o drinkin sum of "Hutchinsis invigorater," was stuck into one of the winders. The Baldinsville Bugle of Liberty noospaper offiss was also illumernated, & the follerin mottoes stuck out—"The Press is the Arkermejian leaver which moves the world." "Vote Early." "Buckle on your Armer." "Now is the time to Subscribe." "Franklin, Morse & Field." "Terms $1,50 a year—liberal reducshuns to clubs." In short the village of Baldinsville was in a perfect fewroar. I never seed so many peple thar befour in my born days. Ile not attemp to describe the scenes of that grate night. Wards wood fale me ef I should try to do it. I shall stop here a few periods and enjoy my "Oatem cum dig the tates," as our skool master obsarves, in the buzzum of my famerly, & shall then resume the show bisnis, which Ive bin into twenty two (22) yeres and six (6) months.

MRS. BROWN ON SHAKESPEARE.

BY ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

"Yes," says Brown a talking to hisself in reading of his paper over his pipe, "He was a great man." I says whoever are you a talking about I says, Daniel Lambert or the Norfolk Giant as was both tremenjous as I've heard my own mother speak on over and over again thro' a seein of him often as was forced to have a bit cut out of the table thro' that corpilence as did not allow him to approach to his meals, and not a heavy feeder neither, as is often the case with them herring-like figgers, as will polish off the steaks by the pound as I calls gluttons and as to eating for a wager I consider hogs is Christians to them as does it, for only once did I see it thro' the party being a well-sinker as eat a whole leg of mutton down to the cracking of the bone; as deserves to want for waste it is. So Brown he busts out laughing as is his habits, in my opinion wulgar, and he says Norfolk Giant be hanged, no I was a thinking of Shakespeare. Who's he says I. What says Brown never heerd of Shakespeare? I says not as I can recollect. Why says he him as wrote all the plays. I says oh indeed then he might have been better employed, for in my opinion them plays is rubbish; leastways what I've seen. I tell you what it is says Brown don't you talk about what you knows nothing on. Well says I as for that if parties was only to talk of things as they knows something about there wouldn't be much conversation carried on. So says Brown that's right that is, but says he there ain't no use in being ignorant when you might have known better. I says certainly not; then says he why not come along with me for to see Shakespeare. Well I says I've no objections, but whereever do they show him. Why he says his Hamlet is to be acted to-morrow night and I'm a goin' so you'd better come. I says Brown if you're a goin to take me all over the water to come home as if I'd been dragged thro' a pond I don't do it. He says bless you its close by just agin the Eastern Counties. But I says whatever is Shakespeare's Hamlit for I never heard of none 'cept the Tower Hamlits as was always a rowing sort of place I've heerd say thro' them radicals always 'aving of their elections as throwed the place into that confusions as bear gardens was tranquil to them I should say. Tower Hamlits, says Brown rubbish Hamlit's a prince as you can come and see. Now I says Brown none of your going with orders, for I says however are them as acts for to get an 'onest living if parties goes and looks at 'em for nothing. Why for my part I wouldn't stoop for to look at Punch in the streets if I hadn't a penny for to give the poor woman as come round with a saucer and a babby in her arms as she said was that sickly and had buried two as must be a hard life for them as has to blow them pan-pipes all day and as to the drum its that distracting that I didn't wonder as her husband had been in the 'ospital three months, with a cough as was a tearin' him to bits all the time. So Brown he says that's right that is, he says no orders for I've been and bought the tickets for the benefit of the widder. What I says has he left a widder? Who says Brown. Shakespeare says I. Rubbish says Brown. No he says one of them play-actors as has died and so all the others is a going to act for nothing and a many of em as don't get much for theirselves as been and given the poor woman part of their week's wages. Bless em for it says I for that's what I calls a heart of gold as will give away out of a little and stint theirselves for to do it. Ah Brown I says if there was more like that the world would'nt be the cold hard place as it is. Well then says he you'll come and see em won't you. I says that I will. So we didn't talk no more about it but on the next day as was a Tuesday Brown he comes home to a early cup of tea and I was already, and we set off to the theatre as was reached easy thro' the weather being that cool and me a feeling that easy in the feet as makes walking a pleasure. So on we goes and except a glass of ale didn't seem to want anything on the road. When we got to the theatre there was a crowd so I says Brown you don't get me into that pushing and shoving riot for nobody. A party as was a standing there as chatted friendly says if you pays sixpence extra they'll let you thro' the stage. I says will they tho' but I says I don't want to be let thro' nowhere. Oh he says you'll get in quiet that way and its sixpence well spent thro' a goin to see the Widder. I says I'll pay it with pleasure, so we merely took a little drop warm thro' me a feeling a bit of a chill, and was let in comfortable, tho' I must say as I never see such a dingy hole as we went thro,' and the dust laying in piles let alone the boards, as I quite longed for to give em a scrub, as never will be a good color thro' being that long neglected. How any one could live in the place and never give it a scrub down I can't think. Well we got in and was seated quite comfortable, tho' there was a deal of what I calls rabble up above as was a shouting a good deal, and I kept a feelin blows on my bonnet as makes me look up just in time for to get a bit of orange-peel that sharp on my nose as made my eyes water dreadful; but Brown says its only the gods. I says whatever do you mean, one would think as you were a Chinee a talking like that, but he only laughs. Well we set a long time and Brown he read the play-bill to me as I couldn't make out, but it was all about Kings and Queens and that like,—but that dirty as my white thread gloves was filthy thro' me a holding of it, the black a coming off dreadful. Well there was a good deal of music as sounded very grand, and then at last they begun. Well I couldn't make out much of what they was a saying of, so I asks a lady as was setting next me, wherever is Shakespeare's Hamlet? Oh says she that young gent in black. I says he's not young I can see for all as he's got a nice complexion and wears his hair that long as is ridiculous at his time of life. But parties says hush, hush, and kep quite still, so I was a listening, not as I could make out what it was all about, only as far as I could understand there'd been a death in the family and there was that one in black as seemed to take on a great deal, as some does not as I held with his ways for he spoke that rude to his ma and called his uncle them names, if he'd been a child of mine and he had spoke to me so I'd have boxed his ears if he'd been a hundred; and there was a foolish old party as come a interfering in family matters as is a bad plan and he goes and hides behind a curtain and if that 'ere sorrerful party didn't take and stick him as dead as mutton. And then his Pa's ghost kept a comin in not as he looked a bit like a ghost to me and shouldn't have known him for sich. Only the lady as was a setting next me said so; and if they'd have let me a spoke I might have made it out only every one was at her if she opened her mouth with their hushings. Then there was a young gal as was singler in her head I should say; and come on talking foolish and a singing dismal as was a nuisance I should say not as I thinks they ought to have gone and drownded her a pretending as she fell in unbeknown. So I says Brown its all very well this Shakespeare for widders and orfins but I should say it was decided dull for the speerits. Oh he says they're only playing parts of it I says that's a mercy for I'm sure as I never could set out the whole, with that thirst as was maddening like and not even a orange and my eyes that 'eavy with the 'eat that keep them open I couldn't. I kep a droppin off and should have slep peaceful if Brown hadn't woke me up that sudden as gived me a shock like. I looks up and if the place wasn't a church-yard and there was a funeral being performed with the copse and all. I says Brown I says I'm one of them as respects the dead I says and to see 'em turned into redicule is what I won't set and see. Be quiet says he, set down, roars parties, let me out says I. I won't stop, turn her out, hollars a fellow. I won't trouble you for I'm a going says I, and out I struggles and went home straight and got a bit of supper ready for Brown and when he comes in I says if I'd a knowed as Shakespeare was one as talked regular bardy words likes that I wouldn't have took the trouble to have gone over the door not was it ever so; but Brown he says you're always a running your head against something. Well I says running or not in my opinion your Shakespeare's a humbug and I won't never go to see him no more, as brought on words thro' Brown calling me names so I goes off to bed and the dreams I had that night was all church-yards and funerals as isn't things to see at a play.

—*Altic Wit.*

A LONDON IDYL.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

I.

Hey, rain, rain, rain!
  It patters down the glass and on the sill,
And splashes underneath, along the lane—
  Then gives a kind of scream, and lies quite still
  One likes to hear it, tho', when one is ill:
Rain, rain, rain, rain!
  Hey, how it pours and pours!
Rain, rain, rain, rain!
  A weary day for poor girls out o' doors!"

II.

Ah, don't! that kind of comfort makes me cry,
And, Parson, since I'm bad, I want to die.
  The roaring of the street,
  The tramp, tramp, tramp of feet,
The sobbing,—sobbing, of the weary rain,
Have gone into the aching of my brain.
I'm lost and weak, and can no longer bear
To wander like a shadow here and there—
  As useless as a stone—tired out—and sick!
  So that they put me down to slumber quick,
It does not matter where.
No one will miss me; all will hurry by,
  And never cast a thought on one so low;
  Fine gentles miss fine ladies when they go,
But folk care nought for such a thing as I.

III.

'Tis bad, I know, to talk like that—too bad!
  Joe, tho' he's often hard, is strong and true—
  [Ah, Joe meant well!] and there's the Baby too!—

But I'm as glad that's said.
I'm glad it was a boy, sir, very glad.
A man can fight along, can say his say,
Is not look'd down upon, holds up his head,
And at a push can always earn his bread:
Men have the best of it, in many a way.
But ah! 'tis hard indeed for girls to keep
Decent and honest, tramping in the town,
Their best but bad—made light of—beaten down—
Forever wearying, wearying, for sleep.
If they grow hard, go wrong, from bad to badder,
Why, Parson dear, they're happier being blind:
They get no thanks for being good and kind—
The better that they are, they feel the sadder!

IV.

Nineteen! nineteen!
Only nineteen, and yet so old, so old;—
I feel like fifty, Parson—I have been
So wicked, I suppose, and life's so cold!
Ah, cruel are the wind and rain and snow,
And I've been out for years among them all:
I scarce remember being weak and small
Like Baby there—it was so long ago.
It does not seem that I was born, but woke
One day in a dark room
High up among the smoke,
And trembled at the roaring of the gloom
That hung around me [for you could not see
The people from our window—only stone—
Deep walls, black pits and lanes—tho' drearily
You heard the deep streets groan];
And I was all alone, and looking out,
And listening in a dream;
And far between the housetops was a gleam
Of water winding silver-like about.
That was the River. It look'd cool and deep.
And as I watch'd, I felt it slipping past,
As if it smoothly swept along in sleep,
Gleaming and gliding fast;
And so I lean'd upon the sill and hearken'd
To the strange hum, while all the roofs became
Cover'd with thin sick flame,
And with a dusky thrill the River darken'd;
Till coldly, coldly, on the roofs there lightened
A pale sad silver light from heaven shed,
And with a sweep that made me sick and frighten'd
The yellow Moon roll'd up above my head;
And down below me groan'd the noise and trade,
And O! I felt alive and was afraid,
And cold, and hungry, shrieking out for bread.

V.

All that is like a dream! It don't seem *true!*—
Father was dead and mother left, you see,
To work for little brother Ned and me,
And up among the roofs we grew and grew;
Lock'd in whole days high up while mother char'd
In people's houses; only now and then
We slipt away into the streets, and stared
At the big crowds of women and of men.
And I was six, but Ned was only three,
And thin and weak and weary; and one day,
While mother was away,
He put his little head upon my knee,
And went to sleep, and would not stir a limb,
But look'd quite strange and old,
For when I touch'd him, shook him, spoke to him,
He smiled and grew so cold;
Then I was frighten'd and cried out, and none
Could hear me, and I sat and nursed his head,
Watching the smoky window while the Sun
Peep'd in upon his face and made it red;
And I began to cry;—till mother came,
Knelt down and scream'd, and named the good God's name,
And told me he was dead.
Well, when she put his night-gown on, and weeping
Put him among the rags upon his bed,
I thought that brother Ned was only sleeping,
And took his little hand and felt no fear;
But when the place grew gray, and cold and drear,
And the round moon came creeping, creeping, creeping,
Over the roofs and put a silver shade
All round the cold, cold bed where he was laid,
I sobb'd and was afraid.

VI.

Ah, yes, it's like a dream!—for time pass'd by,
And I went out into the smoky air,
Fruit-selling, Parson—trudging wet or dry—
Winter and summer—weary, cold, and bare;
And when old mother laid her down to die,
And parish buried her, I did not cry,
And hardly seem'd to care;
I was too hungry and too dull; beside,
The roar o' streets had made me dry as dust—
It took me all my time, howe'er I tried,
To keep my limbs alive and earn a crust;
I had no time for weeping,
And when I was not out amid the roar,
Or standing frozen at the playhouse door,
Why, I was down upon my mother, sir, sleeping.
Ah, sober 's the hard to gain!
Some girls were pretty, too, but I was plain:
Fine ladies never stopp'd and look'd and smiled,
And gave me money for my mother's sake.
That made me hard and angry when a child,
But now it thrills my heart and makes it ache!
The pretty ones, poor things, what could they do,
Fighting and starving in the wicked town,
But go from bad to badder—down, down, down—
Being so poor and yet so pretty too?
Never could bear the life of that—oh no!
Better have starved outright than gone so low!
For often late at night
A face that I had known when mild and meek
Pass'd by with fearful smile and painted cheek,
Gleam'd in the gas, and faded out of sight.

VII.

But I've no call to boast. I might have been
As wicked, Parson dear, in my distress,
But for your friend—you know the one I mean?—
The tall pale lady in the mourning dress.
Though we were cold at first, that wore away—
She was so mild and young,
And had so soft a tongue,
And eyes to sweeten what she loved to say.
She never seem'd to scorn one, no, not she,
And (what was best) she seem'd as sad as me!
Not one of those that make a girl feel base,
And call her names, and talk of her disgrace,
And frighten one with thoughts of flaming Hell
And fierce Lord God with black and angry brow,
But soft and mild, and sensible as well,
And O, I loved her, and I love her now.
She did me good for many and many a day—
More good than pence could ever do, I swear,
For she was poor, with little pence to spare—
Learn'd me to read and quit low words—and pray.
And, Parson, tho' I never understood
How such a life as mine was meant for good,
And could not understand
How one she said was wicked, ever could
Go to your better land
Among a troop so grand,
I liked to hear her talk of such a place,
And thought of all the angels she was best,
Because her soft voice soothed me, and her face
Made my words gentle, put my heart at rest.

VIII.

Ah, sir! 'twas very lonesome. Night and day,
Save when the sweet Miss came, I was alone;
Moved on and hunted thro' the streets of stone,
And ev'n in dreams afraid to rest or stay.
Then, other girls had lads to work and strive for,
I envied them, and did not know 'twas wrong,
And often, very often, used to long
For some one I could like and keep alive for.
Marry? Not they!
They can't afford to be so good, you know;
But many of them, tho' they step astray
Indeed don't mean to sin so much, or go
Against what's decent. Only 'tis their way.
And many might do worse than that, may be,
If they had ne'er a one to fill a thought—
It sounds half wicked, but poor girls like me
Must sin a little, to be good in aught.

IX.

So I was glad when I began to see
That costermongering Joe had fancied me;
And when, one night, he took me to the play
Over on Surrey side, and offer'd fair,
That we should take a little room and share
Our earnings, why, I could not answer "nay!"
And that's a year ago; and tho' I'm bad,
I've been as true to Joe as girl could be;
I don't complain a bit of Joe, dear lad,
Joe never, never meant but well; and we
Have had as fresh and fair a time, I think,
As one could hope, since we are both so low:
Joe likes me, never gave me push or blow,
When sober: only, he was wild in drink.
But then, we don't mind beating when a man
Is angry, if he likes us and keeps straight,
orks for his bread and does the best he can;—
'Tis being left and slighted that we hate.

X.

And so the Baby's gone, and I shall die!
And tho' 'tis hard to leave poor Baby here,
Where folk will think him bad, and all's so drear,
The great Lord God knows better far than I.
Ah, don't?—'tis kindly, but it pains me so!
You say I'm wicked, and I want to go!
"God's kingdom," Parson, dear? Ah nay, ah nay!
That must be like the country—which I fear:
I saw the country once, one summer day,
And I would rather die in London here.

XI.

For I was sick of hunger, cold, and strife,
And took a sudden fancy in my head
To buy fine posies, and to pass my bread
Out among fields, where, I had heard, one's life
Was easier and brighter. So, that day,
I took my basket up and took away;
Early slumbering. As I went along,
Trembling and loath to leave the busy place,
I felt that I was doing something wrong,
And fear'd to look policemen in the face.
And all was dim: the streets were gray and wet
After a rainy night: and all was still;
I held my shawl around me with a chill,
And dropt my eyes from every face I met;
Until the streets began to fade, the road
Grew fresh and clean and wide,
Fine houses where the gentlefolk abode,
And gardens full of flowers, on every side:
That made me walk the quicker—on, on, on—
As if I were asleep with half-shut eyes,
And all at once I saw to my surprise
The houses of the gentlefolk were gone,
And I was standing still,
Shading my face upon a high green hill,
And the bright sun was blazing,
And all the blue above me seemed to melt
To burning flashing gold, while I was gazing
On the great smoky cloud where I had dwelt.

XII.

I'll ne'er forget that day. All was so bright
And strange. Upon the grass around my feet
The rain had hung a million drops of light;
The air, too, was so clear and warm and sweet
It seem'd a sin to breathe it. All around
Were hills and fields and trees that trembled thro'
A burning blazing fire of gold and blue,
And there was not a sound,
Save a bird singing, singing, and a kind
Of sighing from the grass upon the ground.
I turn'd away, like one grown deaf and blind.
Then, with my heavy hand upon my chest,
Because the bright air pain'd me, trembling, sighing,
I stole into a dewy field to rest,
And O! the green green grass where I was lying
Was fresh and living—and the bird sang loud,
Out of a golden cloud—
And I was looking up at him and crying!

XIII.

The hours they slipt away; and by-and-by
The sun grew red, big shadows fill'd the sky,
The air grew damp with dew,
And the dark night was coming down, I knew.
Well, I was more afraid than ever then,
And felt that I should die in such a place;—
So back to London town I turned my face,
And crept into the great black streets again;
And when I breathed the smoke and heard the roar,
Why, I was better, for in London here
My heart was busy, and I felt no fear.
I never saw the country any more.
And I have stay'd in London well or ill,
I dared not stay out yonder if I could,
For one feels dead, and all looks pure and good—
I could not bear a life so bright and still.
All that I want is sleep,
Under the flags and stones, so deep, so deep!
God won't be hard on one so mean, but He
Perhaps will let a tired girl slumber sound
There in the deep cool darkness underground;
And I shall waken up in time, may be,
Better and stronger, not afraid to see
The great still Light that folds Him round and round!

XIV.

See! there's a bit of sunshine thro' the pane—
How cool and moist it looks amid the rain!
I like to hear the splashing of the drops
On the house tops,
And the loud humming of the folk that go
Along the streets below!
I like the smoke and roar—I am so bad—
They make a low one hard and still her cares....
There's Joe! I hear his foot upon the stairs!—
He must be wet, poor lad!
He will be angry, like enough, to find
Another little life to clothe and keep,
But show him baby, Parson—speak him kind—
And tell him Doctor thinks I'm going to sleep,
A hard, hard life is his—he need be strong
And rough, to earn his bread and get along;—
I think he will be sorry when I go,
And leave the little one and him behind.
I hope he'll see another to his mind
To keep him straight and tidy. Poor old Joe!

—*The London Fortnightly Review.*

The WORLD says it couldn't get off its regular edition last Monday, because its gas was cut off. An honest confession is good for the soul.

UNPROTECTED MALES.

In a Parliamentary paper recently issued, Captain Tyler informs his chief that "Gentlemen passengers, as well as railway officers of all classes, constantly refuse to travel singly with a stranger of the weaker sex, under the belief that it is only common prudence to avoid in this manner all risk of being accused—for purposes of extortion—of insult or assault." The paragraph has been approvingly quoted in most of the newspapers; and it is seldom that a statement so bold, and at the same time so veracious, appears in a departmental report. Any one who travels much knows that a good deal of alarm has been excited among respectable males of late by the mania which appears to have seized the other sex for imagining, or asserting, that they have been criminally assaulted. Upon railways the terror has become a perfect panic. No man with any consideration for his character will venture within winking distance of any woman who is reasonably good-looking, and young girls are avoided by all prudent persons as if they had the plague. Old women, and very ugly women—women of that sterling repulsiveness that they carry in their faces an unanswerable refutation of any possible charge of assault—are at a high premium just now, especially for long railway journeys. Now is their hour of compensation. The men may turn from them in the drawing-room, may manœuvre to be separated from them at the dinner-table, but in the railway carriage they enjoy a popularity for which bright eyes and youthful cheeks pine in vain. True as the needle to the pole, the cautious passenger flies to the favored seat which places him under the wing of hairless and cappy age. The alarm is not wholly groundless. A passion for particular kinds of perjury does at particular times infect particular people. In Germany and America, the witchcraft delusion, with all the horrible torments which were inflicted under its influence, was maintained entirely by the apparently disinterested testimony of a considerable number of respectable witnesses. A similar phenomenon occurred in England during the prevalence of the "Popish plot" panic. There seems to be little doubt that the same kind of half-conscious taste for perjury prevails just now among a considerable number of girls, especially very young girls. Several instances have occurred recently in which such accusations have been plainly proved to have been the mere fruit of whim or malice, and there have been many more in which their groundlessness was very apparent, though not distinctly proved. A particularly agrant case came before the public a short ime ago. One Caroline Barker, "a tall, well-dressed young woman, of prepossessing appearance," presented herself at the Coventry police station, and made a charge of indecent assault, accompanied with robbery, against a man with whom she had travelled from Rugby, and who had left the train at Coventry. She minutely described his appearance, and the police were already in quest of the alleged offender, when the Superintendent, by a little judicious cross-examination of the complainant, extracted from her a confession that the whole story was a fiction, invented to cover the loss of her railway ticket. The intended victim of this infamous fabrication had great reason to congratulate himself on having had a very lucky escape of imprisonment or worse. It is not every magistrate, nor even every jury, that would have displayed the sagacity with which the Coventry Police Superintendent detected the falsehood of a plausible and circumstantial invention.

It is one of the most cruel features of this class of charges that the ordinary presumption of law is practically reversed in respect to them. Unless innocence is positively made out, guilt is inferred. Juries make it a point of principle always to believe the woman, and they are careful to avoid any risk of tampering with their principles, or confusing their minds by listening to evidence. Some of the magistrates seem to look upon perjury of this kind, even when it is decisively proved, as a weakness of lovely woman, which rather exalts than diminishes her charms. So that the accused on such a complaint is in evil case. Virtually he is called upon to prove a negative—to show that that which a woman asserts to have taken place at a given time did not take place. If he fails, the chances are that he is absolutely lost. A soldier, or sailor, or an M. P. for a populous borough, might recover from such a conviction, with no worse damage than a standing joke against him. But a solicitor, a barrister, a medical man, or a clergyman would be irrecoverably ruined. Yet, according to the practice of magistrates and juries, it is of no avail for him to pit his word against the woman's. Practically, the presumption of law in this case is that the man is guilty, unless he is proved to be innocent. It is worth while to examine the ideas upon which this curious perversion of justice rests. The notion seems to be that the woman can have no interest in making such an accusation unless there be some ground for it. Those who cherish this theory appear to have wholly overlooked the easy application of such a charge to the purposes of extorting money. The same kind of reasoning used to be applied to the law of affiliation. It was the fashion with philanthropists of a certain sort to maintain that a woman could never be so untrue to what are called her "womanly instincts" as to father a child on the wrong man. Facts, however, were too strong for the admirers of womanly instincts. It was soon established by experience that the threat of affiliation was a very available instrument in the hands of enterprising young mothers for the purpose of extorting money from such modest young men as did not like to make an appearance in the county paper in the unpleasant character of "the putative father." The inherent difficulty of obtaining sufficient evidence of immoral acts has always been a sore temptation to legislators, especially to the class of legislators who are most keen to deal with these questions. They are always inclined to slur over the proof of guilt, and to assume guilt wherever it is plausibly charged, for the sake of the morality of the community. Social reformers used to be guilty of the same error when they placed under their ban all men who are accused of the worst of all offences against morality, whether it were proved or not. Such tampering with the most rudimentary principles of justice for a presumed public good always ends in one way. It invariably breeds a race of extortioners, male or female, who trade upon the penalty which has been affixed, not to the offence, but to the mere accusation. The trade is a very lucrative one. The victims of these plunderers have been known, in several instances, to pass their lives in buying from time to time a short respite from the dreaded disgrace, at a price rising with each demand, as each payment seemed to furnish a more conclusive admission of guilt.

But the desire to extort money is not the only motive which drives girls of polluted minds to make charges of this kind. It is not a very uncommon thing for well-educated girls to imagine without cause that they are being admired. It used to be said that the young ladies of a neighboring kingdom were so keenly alive to the possibility of a suitor, that, if a male friend asked one of them what wine she would take, she was sure to answer, "Port, if you please; and ask my mamma.' It is natural and innocent enough in young minds to be on the watch for admiration, to fancy it where it is not felt, and to interpret it from acts and language which are not meant to convey it. But translate that tendency into the mental language of young girls educated in a corrupt atmosphere, and habituated by the language of those around them to regard the tender emotions natural to their age from the least sentimental side! There is a long interval between the vanity which fancies a proposal where none was meant, and the passion which imagines the more demonstrative advances that are the subject of these accusations; but it is not greater than the interval between a pure and a corrupted mind. The idea once conceived, the rest is easy. The girl, half in pride, half as a bit of gossip, tells what she has fancied to a friend. Perhaps she is met with incredulity or ridicule, and of course she invents additional circumstances to confirm her story. The assertion once made, she is ashamed to retract it; and, at last, when it has been made to some person of whom she is afraid, she fears to retract it. To mention only one case—this was exactly the process by which the narrative of Eugenia Plummer, a girl of ten years old, was brought to perfection some time ago. She invented the skeleton of the story spontaneously; but all the circumstances of the narrative appear to have suggested themselves in the course of constant conversation upon the subject. She found herself a sort of heroine—a centre of attention to an extent she had never experienced before; and the elevation was much too gratifying to her feelings to be voluntarily renounced. After a time, she had committed herself so deeply that even her childish mind could see that certain punishment would be the consequence of retraction. In the end, she was happily convicted of perjury, and punished, though very inadequately; but it was not until she had reduced an excellent clergyman to the brink of utter ruin, and subjected him for more than a year to unmerited misery and disgrace. The narrative of Emma English, who very nearly succeeded, a few months back, in ruining a respectable surgeon, appears to have been generated by the same process. An idle story told to a cousin in a Sunday afternoon's gossip, apparently to conceal detected misconduct, was repeated by th

cousin to the father. On being questioned by her father, the girl dared not go back; and, accordingly, filled the story out with details, and afterwards swore to it. The surgeon was fortunately provided with an *alibi* unusually complete, and depending upon testimony that could not be assailed. Had it not been for this lucky accident, that idle Sunday afternoon's gossip would have been utter, irretrievable ruin to him.

There must be something wrong in our administration of justice when any man's whole prospects in life are at the mercy of any girl's idle talk. The radical evil is the facile credit which is given to young girls in these cases. The idea seems to have possessed jurymen and magistrates that they are less likely to lie because they are young. A kind of traditional theory concerning the innocence of childhood, and a confused recollection of the texts in the baptismal service, seem to float across their minds; and the result is a fixed idea that truthfulness may be counted on in the inverse proportion to age. No calculation can be more fallacious. Other things being equal, young people will generally lie much more freely than their elders; and the reason of the difference is that they are more ignorant. It is true that religion is often warmer in youth than it is in maturer age. But emotional religion is, unhappily, not the prevailing motive with the mass of human beings. Most people are deterred from falsehoods by the consequences they involve. If they are good sort of people, they shrink from the harm a falsehood would do to their neighbor. If they are purely selfish, they fear detection and the punishment that follows it. But both motives become more powerful in proportion as their knowledge of the world enables them to realize the amount of harm a falsehood will do to their neighbors or themselves. A child has no knowledge of the world, and therefore has no conception of the injury it is doing to itself or others. Such words as "ruin," "disgrace," "blasted prospects," are mere words to it. The most powerful motive for telling the truth is consequently absent from its mind; and nothing remains which will not be easily overcome by the desire to escape from a momentary embarrassment. Another strange delusion on the part of the administrators of our law is shown by the value they seem to attach to the circumstance of two or three children supporting each other in a story. Children fear other children a little bigger than themselves a great deal more than they fear parents or schoolmasters, or the whole executive staff of criminal justice. They are much more afraid of the bullying which will be the penalty of telling tales than of any punishment which they think their superiors are likely to inflict. Cases have recently occurred in which two or three children have combined to bring disgusting charges against respectable men, and in which, by some accidental circumstance, the falsehood of their evidence has been discovered in time. It is reasonable to suppose that a large proportion of those who have been condemned upon similar unsupported evidence, because no such accidental defence was forthcoming, have been condemned unjustly. And it is equally reasonable to conjecture that a certain number will yearly be condemned to unmerited punishment upon charges which rest only on the testimony of their accusers, until juries and magistrates shall have revised their present views of the infallible veracity of children and young girls.—*London Saturday Review.*

Written for the Saturday Press.

REMINISCENCES OF BALZAC.

Of Balzac as a writer much has been said, and the ablest pens have found his pages a fruitful theme. It is comparatively easy to judge him, if not after the standard of other writers, at least to construct a standard to his measure. But before his private character, before the eccentric meanderings of his monstrous caprices, and the almost inextricable entwinement of the good with the bad in his moral composition, the biographer is tempted to cast aside his pen in despair, and leave the unwelcome task to others. The veil has been but partially torn aside, from a wholesome dread of what may lie beyond.

The friend of Balzac required a temper such as it falls rarely to the lot of mortal man to possess, to sustain him in those thankless relations, from which, after all, little was to be gained beyond the lesson of novel and, let us hope, uncommon phases of character. A triple fortification of vanity, conceit, and extravagance, kept intruders at a proper distance; and those who were, by their intercourse with him, the most capable of transmitting the record of his singularities, have, for the most part, shrunk from recalling incidents, and recounting situations, in which they have found themselves forced to play many a sorry part.

Nevertheless, undeterred by considerations of a personal nature, and regardless of the derision that would have been his lot, had he not been so fortunate as to inspire sympathy instead, one of the kindest friends of Balzac took advantage of certain mercantile relations, and managed during a period of nine years to preserve the intimacy of the great man. We shall see in the following article at what a cost of moral as well as pecuniary wear-and-tear, M. Edmond Werdet was enabled to collect the materials for the little work, published by him, and from which the following notice of Balzac is condensed.*

I.

Honoré de Balzac was born at Tours, on the sixteenth of May, 1799. His father had been an *avocat au conseil* of Louis XVI.; but at the period of his marriage, subsequent to the Revolution, he was entrusted with the Commissariat Department of the 22d military division of France. His wife was the daughter of one of his superiors in office, and who was at the same time director of the Hospitals of Paris. The fruits of this marriage were four children, of whom Honoré was the eldest—two boys and two girls. His younger sister died five years after her marriage; his brother emigrated, at the age of twenty-six, to the Colonies, where he married; his remaining sister, Laura, became Madame Surville, the wife of a distinguished civil-engineer, and it is to her that we are indebted for an admirable and affectionate remembrance of her brother, recently published.

The only peculiarity of the infancy of Balzac was his distaste for the sports of children, and an inclination to a state of revery or ecstacy, which was usually enhanced by certain unpleasant performances upon a penny-fiddle that had been given him as a plaything, and the hideous scrapings of which he considered the most angelic of all harmonies.

At the age of seven, he was sent to College at Vendôme, where he remained until his fourteenth year, without a single vacation.

His sufferings at this establishment, constant humiliation at the hands of his comrades, and other circumstances that continually shocked his natural sensitiveness, the absence of the comforts and affections of his home, and his poverty (the fortune of his father had greatly suffered by the Revolution), are pathetically set forth in the work that they themselves suggested; *L'Histoire Intellectuelle de Louis Lambert.*

It was while at this institution, that, dreading the incessant contumely of his schoolmasters, he was wont to pass his hours of recreation in hard labor, and composed a *Traité de la Volonté*, of which frequent mention is made in the *Comédie Humaine*, and the loss of which he ever afterwards deeply regretted. It was discovered and confiscated by one of his instructors.

The young scholar failed to impress his tutors with a favorable idea of his capacity and application. He acquired the reputation of a dunce. But, although careless in the fulfilment of the duties allotted to him, he was by no means idle. He was a most indefatigable reader; everything in book-shape that fell into his hands, even to dictionaries of all sorts, was eagerly devoured from pre face to finis, without system, or any attempt at the classification of the knowledge so acquired. The result may easily be imagined. All the subjects of this immense study, riveted into his brain by a prodigiously retentive memory, soon produced a sort of intellectual indigestion, which manifested itself by an alarming effect upon his health, and by threatening symptoms of derangement of his reason. Therefore, at the suggestion of the director of the college, he was removed home, where cautious treatment soon dispelled this chaos of ideas, and resulted in a systematic arrangement of his newly acquired information, which proved of immense benefit to him, in after years, in the admirable painting of his *Scènes de la Vie de Province.*

Although knowledge of all sorts, theological, philosophical, and scientific, was carefully garnered up in his brain, he was lamentably ignorant of the simplest things of every-day life. As an instance, we are told that he preserved in a pot, with the most scrupulous delicacy, a *pumpkin-seed*, which he imagined to be the germ of a very rare exotic. We shall see that this ignorance attended him throughout his whole career, and added many a ridiculous feature to his already too eccentric character.

In 1814, M. de Balzac, senior, having been appointed to the Commissariat Department of the first military division of France, removed with his family to Paris, and young Honoré was sent to the school of M. Lepitre, in the rue St. Louis, and subsequently to that of Messieurs Sganger and Benzélin, in the rue Thoriguy au Marais, in which street the family of the young scholar then resided. In

* Portraiture de Balzac, sa vie, son humeur et son caractere, par Edmond Werdet, son ancien libraire-editeur. 1 vol, 12mo. E. Dentu. Paris.

the *Lys dans la Vallée*, Balzac, in the person of Felix de Vandenesse, gives ample detail of his life at these schools.

At the age of eighteen, he took his degree of bachelor, and followed simultaneously the lectures of the Law-School, the Sorbonne, and the College of France; and in his twentieth year was admitted to the bar. His sister, Mme. Surville, informs us that notwithstanding the intensity of his study at this period, "he was a handsome, robust young man, enjoying florid health; the most unremitting application failed to fatigue him; a constant smile was on his lips; he was a noble boy, presenting the most perfect personification of happiness."

His vocation seems to have been decided by the brilliant lectures of Villemain, Guizot, Victor Cousin, and others, which he followed before his admission to the bar. From that period he obstinately refused to nourish the slightest affection for the law, and his sojourn in the offices of Messieurs Passez and Guyonnet de Merville (where among his fellow-clerks were Eugène Scribe and Jules Janin, whose distate for their profession was as great as his) was remarkable for nothing whatever to his credit as a law-student, save perhaps the descriptions that he has left of the profession in his novel of *Un début dans la Vie*, and the animosity against lawyers generally, noticeable throughout the *Comédie Humaine*.

These sentiments, a source of much sorrow to his parents, were aggravated by the young man's announcement of his own choice of a profession—that of author. The unhappy father saw nothing before his refractory son but a future of misery, ending perhaps in starvation. Disastrous speculations had again greatly reduced the old man's small fortune, and he felt keenly the necessity of seeing his son established in some lucrative employment. But young Balzac was resolved to be an author, his father's desire to the contrary notwithstanding. His mother, imagining that a taste of poverty would not fail to reduce her son to a more reasonable way of thinking, and as, in consequence of the reduction of their fortune, they were obliged to give up their house in town, and retire to a small and more economical residence in the suburbs, caused Honoré to be installed in a garret, the choice of which was left to himself, and which was situated in the rue Lesdeguières, No. 8, where with scanty furniture, and wanting in every comfort, he was to make the trial of the life of a poor author, and vegetate on the sum of 125 francs a month. With this arrangement, Balzac found not the slightest fault; he was free at last, and contented.

He lived three years in this "aërial sepulchre," as he calls it—and of which a description is given by Raphael in the *Peau de Chagrin*—working day and night, and deriving so much pleasure from his work, that, to quote his own words, "study seemed to him the finest theme, the happiest solution of the problem of human life."

Shortly after his establishment in his "sky-parlor" he undertook to compose a tragedy, and selected Oliver Cromwell for his hero, whom, as he says in a letter to his sister, Mme. Surville, he considered "the finest example in modern history." In April, 1825, having finished his five acts, he hastened to read them to a solemn conclave of his family. The result was a dismal *fiasco*, accompanied by the assertion of Andrieux, of the College of France, who was present, that the young man did not possess the slightest germ of talent. Although not entirely concurring in the sweeping assertion of this gentleman, Balzac nevertheless relinquished all hope of earning his laurels in the dramatic field. So, putting aside his unfortunate tragedy, he turned his talents into other literary channels. In the *Peau de Chagrin*, we find the budget of his daily expenditure, and manner of subsistence, during his occupancy of the "aërial sepulchre."

> Three sous' worth of bread, two of milk, and three of sausage-meat per day, prevented me from starving to death, and kept my mind in a singular state of lucidity. My lodging cost me three sous a day; I burnt three sous worth of oil by night; I was my own chambermaid, and wore flannel shirts, in order to reduce my washing-bill to two sous daily. I burnt coal, the price of which, divided by the days of the year, never exceeded two sous per diem. I possessed clothing, linen, and shoes, for three years' wear, but only made a decent toilet to attend certain public lectures, and the libraries. These expenses only amounted in the aggregate to eighteen sous a day, leaving me two sous with which to meet unforeseen contingencies. I do not remember, during this long period of labor, ever having crossed the Pont des Arts, * or purchased a pailful of water.

At last, his mother, becoming alarmed at his declining health, and satisfied with her experiment, took him home again, where, surrounded by those comforts of which he had long been deprived, he set to work with renewed vigor, and produced a quantity of works of fiction, which he signed with a variety of pseudonyms, as: *Lord R'hone* (anagram of Honoré), *Horace de St. Aubin*; *Marquis de Vieillergué*, etc. These novels form forty duodecimo volumes, and comprise *Argou le Pirate*; *L'Albigeois*; *La Dernière Fée*; *Le Sorcier*; *L'Israelite*; *Jeanne la Pâle*; *Le Vicaire des Ardennes*; *L'Excommunié*; *L'Heritière de Birague*; and some others.

At this period, the series of hand-books known under the name of *Manuels-Roret*, were having an immense vogue, and Balzac, desirous of helping himself along as much as possible, appeared one day in a state of lamentable seediness before Alphonse Levavasseur, the publisher, and detailed to him the idea and plan of a work, to be entitled a "*Manuel de l'homme d'affaires par un ancien principal clerc d'avoué et de notaire.*" The idea striking the publisher favorably, a contract was at once drawn up, and the sum of 200 francs paid down in advance, the manuscript to be handed in complete within a month. Balzac pocketed the money, and never wrote a line of the book. Levavasseur, losing all patience, called upon the delinquent, and astonished him with the vivacity of his gestures, and the attic-salt of his dialogue. Balzac begged for more time, and, in the interim, requested permission to read to the irate publisher certain portions of a composition in which he was deeply interested. Levavasseur consented, and struck with the originality of the new work, offered at once 2000 francs for the manuscript, and proposed to annul the contract for the *Manuel*. The terms were 1000 francs on the spot, the remainder to be paid on the receipt of the last corrected proof-sheet. Balzac accepted, Levavasseur waited interminable ages for the final proof-sheet. At last, in 1829, the book was published, under the title of "*La Physiologie du mariage, par un jeune célibataire.*" It created a profound sensation, and from that moment Balzac begun to see his way clear to a reputation.

The interminable sermons of his parents, and the importunities of his friends, began to convince the young author that the profession which he had adopted was not quite so lucrative as he had imagined it might become in his hands, and, yielding to their reiterated counsels, he began to think of combining his literary vocation with some speculation of a purely mercantile character.

His first idea was that a uniform edition of the French classics, each in one volume, elegantly printed, and sold at a low price, could not fail to be highly remunerative to their publisher. He therefore undertook the speculation, and issued the works of Racine and Lafontaine, each in one volume, preceded by a historical and literary introduction from his own pen: price five francs. The enterprise was a failure. The confraternity of booksellers and publishers, regarding the young man as an intruder, neglected to urge the sale of his publications, and, by depreciating them in every possible way, finally consigned them to the bookstalls of the quays. The small capital that had been embarked in this disastrous affair was irrecoverably swallowed up; and from that period date the innumerable debts that were Balzac's torment throughout his whole life.

After this failure he resolved to try the profession of printer; and his mother, rejoiced at finding her son disposed to follow a substantial calling, placed the sum of 30,000 francs at his disposal.

Entirely ignorant of the typographical profession, he associated himself with one Barbier, a sober, intelligent compositor, as ignorant on his side of the mechanism of trade as his young partner was of type-setting. The printing-office of Balzac & Co., in the rue du Marcies St. Germain, was a highly ephemeral institution. After a very short career, finding themselves on their last legs, so to speak, they thought to recuperate their debilitated forces by the addition to their printing-office of a type-foundry, which was for sale at a low price. They purchased the foundry first, and reflected afterwards. Being on the verge of bankruptcy, they managed, however, to avert the calamity by selling out to a friend, at a great pecuniary loss. Mme. de Balzac furnished the money necessary to supply their deficiencies, and young Balzac found himself, at the age of 29, in debt (to his mother, 'tis true) to the amount of 50,000 francs.

Thrown again upon his own literary resources, he set to work with immense energy. *Les Chouans*, *Catherine de Médicis*, and *La Physiologie du Mariage*, at last attracted public attention, and the reviews began to take him up. In the space of three years, from 1829 to 1832, independently of the works above-mentioned, he wrote *Le Médecin de Campagne*, *La Femme de Trente ans*, *Eugénie Grandet*, *l'Histoire des Treize*, and *La Peau de Chagrin*.

It was in 1831 that he conceived the idea of collecting all that he had written in series, and publishing them in 12 vols. 8vo. under the title of *Etudes des Mœurs du XIX. siècle*, comprising the *Scènes de la vie de Province*, *Scènes*

* Formerly a toll-bridge.

de la Vie Privée, and *Scènes de la Vie Parisienne*. From this idea to that of the comprehensive title of *La Comédie Humaine*, there was but a step. The complete works of Balzac now bear that single appellation.

II.

It now becomes necessary to revert to the relations that existed between Balzac and his publisher, M. Werdet, the narrative of which is the substance of the book before us.

M. Werdet having been engaged for some years in the book-publishing business, discovered, upon figuring up his accounts, that a net profit of nothing at all was the sole reward of his hard labors. Being fortunately free from debt, he wound up his affairs, and sought for some more profitable employment. Receiving an advantageous offer from the publishing house of Madame Veuve Béchet, he entered that establishment as managing clerk, with an interest. He soon discovered that the firm was in peril, and that active measures must be resorted to, in order to clear off the embarrassments in which the business was involved. He therefore advised Madame Béchet to undertake the publication of new works, the profits on which might be sufficiently great to cover the losses sustained upon the old standard authors. He earnestly recommended having recourse to the *young literature*, as it was called, and which at that period was making a certain sensation. Having read the few works which Balzac had at that time written, and recognizing in them, if not absolute genius, at least an encouraging promise of it, he ventured to suggest the name of the obscure author; and by dint of eloquent persuasion, finally obtained the authorization of Madame Béchet to make him an offer.

He therefore waited upon Balzac, to whom he was a total stranger, and stated that he was empowered, by a large and influential house, to treat with him for the purchase of one or more works; and that according to the importance of the manuscripts that might be placed at his disposal, he was authorized to offer ten, fifteen, twenty thousand francs, or even more.

Balzac was astonished at this magnificent offer, and after a month spent in negotiations, M. Werdet purchased of him in the name of Madame Veuve Béchet, the right to print and to publish 2000 copies of the *Etudes de Mœurs*, in 12 vols. 8vo; for which right the sum of 36,000 francs was paid.

In the spring of 1836, M. Werdet withdrew from the house of M'me Béchet, and resolved to employ the few thousand francs which he had economized, in publishing on his own responsibility. He at once thought of Balzac, and determined to start with a work from his pen. The author was quite willing to write anything for anybody, but he required to be previously enlightened as to the pecuniary resources of those who solicited the honor of being his publishers. Therefore, when M. Werdet drew from his pocket six bank notes of 500 francs each—his whole fortune—and had the audacity to propose them in exchange for a manuscript, Balzac laughed in his face. "I admire," cried he, "your candid confidence. How could it ever have entered your head that I—I—De Balzac, who but a short time ago sold to you, in the name of M'me Béchet, my *Etudes de Mœurs* for 36,000 francs; I, whose cooperation in the *Révue de Paris*, is regularly paid by Bulos, at the rate of 500 francs a-sheet—how could you imagine, I say, that I could so far forget myself, as to deliver over to you, for three miserable thousand francs, a novel of any sort emanating from my pen?" All attempts at argument were in vain, and M. Werdet quitted *the presence* in disgust.

After a few days, however, he received a very polite note from Balzac, requesting him to call at his earliest convenience. The scene of the previous interview was a bit of comedy improvised by the author in order to make better terms. So when he found he had made a fool of himself without any beneficial results, he was glad enough to reconsider the offer. M. Werdet went and effected the purchase of a privilege to reprint *Le Médecin de Campagne*.

The issuing of a second edition was a tthis time a matter of considerable risk to a publisher—nevertheless, thanks to his energetic and skilful management, M. Werdet was enabled to work off his second edition in less than a week.

One of Balzac's whims, was to have one sole publisher, and he found in Werdet the very man to humor his caprice; the difficulty lay in buying out the interests of other publishers, six in number, among whom his works were thus distributed:

Les Chouans—Charles Vimont.

Le Père Goriot—Spachmann.

Le Physiologie du Mariage—Levavasseur.

Les Contes Drolatiques; La Peau de Chagrin; Les Contes de Philosophiques, and *Louis Lambert*.—Gosselin.

Les Etudes de Mœurs—M'me Béchet.

Seraphita and *Le Lys dans la Vallée*—Bulos, in the Révue de Paris.

Balzac urged this upon Werdet, with the following argument: "Walter Scott had but one publisher. You shall be to me, what Archibald Constable was to the author of Quentin Durward." Long and tedious negotiations were finally crowned with success, and M. Werdet became the sole publisher of Balzac.

III.

If an author ever had it in his power to render a compositor hopelessly insane by illegible manuscript, Balzac was possessed of all the requirements necessary for that end. We have no record of the demise of any type-setter, by the visitation of Balzac's copy; bnt this only proves to us their vital tenacity, equalled only by that of donkeys and postboys. The manner in which he prepared his works for the press is sufficiently curious to be recorded here.

Before writing the first line of a book, he arranged the entire matter in his head, subject, plan, episodes, and effects; he fixed upon the locality of his scene, described it minutely, and disposed it with singular tact in his brain; he drew the physiognomy of all his characters in his imagination, and endowed them with their distinctive peculiarities; his fancy invested them with striking forms, grouped them artistically, arranged even to the minutiæ of costume—all this before taking pen in hand.

When he sat down to the transcription of this mental labor, his crow-quill flew rapidly over the paper, which it rarely quitted until it had arrived at the end of the book. This, however, was not the work complete; it was rather an elaborated sketch, a sort of groundwork upon which he executed the most laborious embroidery of corrections and additions that it is possible to conceive of. Chapters were constantly changing places, some entirely suppressed, others written in to supply their deficiency; such a one prepared for the end of the book, was promoted to the beginning, or the contrary; new portions had to be inserted in order to weave these new elements intelligibly together. In this extraordinary labor, the sheets became a sort of pack of cards which Balzac was constantly shuffling.

After a series of manipulations of this nature, the copy was finally handed in to the printer, who succeeded in setting it up after long and tedious deciphering, in comparison with which the researches of Champollion were but the mildest of pastimes. Clean proofs, carefully corrected by the reader at the office, not yet made up into pages, but printed in columns upon large sheets of sized paper, were then sent to the author. Unlike most writers, who consider this state of things indicative of progress in publication, Balzac merely regarded it as a suggestion to begin his work over again. He therefore entirely rewrote his book upon his proof-sheet by inserting new phrases between the printed lines, expanding one chapter into three or four, filling the margins with additions, and covering the entire sheet with a network of zigzag lines, as pointers to the marginal notes; all of which rendered the unravelment of this chaos a more severe task to the printer than the setting up of two or three entirely new books.

This being at last properly deciphered, a revise was sent, this time made up into pages, and after several series of new corrections, not unfrequently resulting in the complete suppression of the original conception, and the expansion of some new idea, foreign to the first proofs, the book at last saw the light.

These peculiarities rendered Balzac the bugbear of the printing-office, and compositors have been frequently heard to exclaim: "I have done my hour of Balzac; who will take his copy?"

IV.

The history of *Seraphita* is rather curious, and will serve as an illustration of the slipshod manner in which Balzac was wont to fulfil his contracts with his publishers.

The first chapters of this singular work appeared towards the end of 1834, in the *Révue de Paris*, and excited astonishment rather than admiration. The extreme mysticism and eccentric reveries with which the book was filled, gave the author a great deal of trouble, and the difficulties that presented themselves in the expansion of his original conception, discouraged him to such an extent as at times to interrupt the regular issue of the work. Bulos complained bitterly of these delays, and reverted to *Seraphita* in terms far from complimentary to its author. Balzac, irritated, refused to complete it for Bulos, and consequently Werdet was induced to purchase the right to issue it in book-form, paying therefore to the *Révue de Paris* their bill for the printing expenses incurred in its publication in that magazine, and to Balzac the amount he demanded as his right of authorship. The author pledged his honor to finish the work at once for Werdet, and asserts the fact in his *Introduction Historique au Lys dans la Vallée* in the following terms:—"M. Werdet paid for and published *Le Livre Mystique* in the

(Continued on page 42.)

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1865.

BUSINESS NOTES.

The rumor was in circulation in Wall street on Monday, that the SATURDAY PRESS had stopped, in consequence of the defalcation at the Phœnix Bank. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The Phœnix Bank is not one of the institutions where we make our deposits. Neither is the Chimerical Bank. We should as soon think of making them in one of the Banks of Newfoundland. The idea that we deposit at the Phœnix Bank probably grew out of the fact that our paper has just risen from its ashes.

Mr. JAY COOKE having completed his contract for disposing of the 7.30 loan, we are about opening negotiations with him for completing the subscription to THE SATURDAY PRESS. It is not practicable, this year, to expand our issue beyond a few millions; but to do even this will require more personal attention than we can give to the matter ourselves; so—if Mr. COOKE will make as favorable arrangements with us as he did with the Government, the entire business will be transferred to him. Meanwhile, however, remittances may be sent, as hitherto, to No. 64 Nassau St., New York, where certificates of subscription will be issued as fast as they can be made out, and forwarded to any part of the world.

Subscribers who have sent in their names for one or more copies of the SATURDAY PRESS need feel no delicacy about remitting the amount of the subscription without further invitation.

Non-subscribers who receive this issue of the paper need not feel alarmed, as no other will be sent to them until they become subscribers.

No limit is fixed to the number of subscriptions which any one person may obtain.

The only premiums the proprietor is ready to offer at present will be paid to such persons as prefer to make their remittances in gold.

Persons buying single copies of the paper and not liking it are advised to subscribe by the year: this will give better satisfaction all round.

Subscribers not receiving the paper regularly will please complain at the office in the first instance and after that deliver the carrier over to the police.

Any person procuring a hundred or more subscriptions will have forwarded to him on receipt of the money an acknowledgment of the same, accompanied by a certificate of thanks.

Advertisements should be sent in, when convenient, as early as Thursday noon and should in all cases occupy as much space as possible.

Persons having business to transact at the SATURDAY PRESS Office, will find it to be the COOLEST office in the city.

LOOK OUT FOR NUMBER ONE.

Any person or persons having copies of No. 1 of the present volume of the SATURDAY PRESS will oblige us by sending them to this office. We will pay six cents apiece for them, or give any other number of the paper in exchange. Even exchange is no robbery.

Any of our readers who have lost confidence in the "Gold Room" will find ample room for their gold at the SATURDAY PRESS office.

STOP THIEF!

Don't be alarmed, reader. We don't refer to Townsend, or Ketchum, or Brown, or Mumford, or even to "Jenkins of the Kiss," for they are only "defalcators."

Jenkins didn't even steal that kiss. He defalcated it. In certain quarters the words steal and thief have gone out of fashion. We don't even hear of robbers. A few years ago we used to hear even of bank-robbers. But now it seems that a bank is too respectable an institution to be exposed to robbery, and has nothing to fear but "defalcation."

Especially unpardonable would it be to apply the word robber or thief to any person who had ever been officially connected with a bank. No, if a president or a cashier or a teller appropriates funds intrusted to him he is simply a defaulter or a defalcator. The same in all financial circles. The idea of there being thieves and robbers in Wall street is simply scouted. *This is the reason why there are so many of them.* If people who forge checks and rob banks and appropriate funds confided to them, were called (and treated as) thieves, robbers, forgers, etc., the business might after a while become too disreputable to practice even among stock-jobbers and gold speculators.

We forgot what we intended to say at the start, but we believe it was this: that if somebody would only cry out "STOP THIEF!" in Wall or William street two or three times a day, there would probably be such a scattering as there has not been seen since the war.

The lack of editorial matter in this week's SATURDAY PRESS is to be explained by the fact that owing to the peculiar state of the atmosphere our insulation was suspended last Monday, and has not yet been restored.

We announced last week the return of Mr. PAUL MORPHY from Paris, and his intention to prepare an annotated volume of his chess games. It must not be inferred, however, that Mr. Morphy has given up the practice of the law, as he prides himself more upon his proficiency in that than in chess. He was for some time a member of one of the first law firms in New Orleans, and will shortly open an office in this city.

Wall street has always been the noisiest locality in New York, but there has been so much howling and screeching there this last week that people are now calling it Caterwaul street.

A correspondent in Havana writes us word that if he wished to describe the island of Cuba in a single line, he should call it,

"The land of the flea, and the home of the slave."

If our banks continue to have their books kept in such a way that anybody can rob the vaults at pleasure, it is time they were put in the hands of receivers. The only difficulty in the way is, that the receiver is apt to be as bad as the thief.

The English papers announce that Queen Victoria is about to visit the continent incog., under the title of the Duchess of Lancaster. How Her Majesty is to travel incog., after having her alias publicly announced, is not explained.

DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

BY FIGARO.

Was it you, Mr. Editor, or who was it, that used to call MAX MARETZEK the Napoleon of the Opera?

I remember laughing about it at the time and wondering what people would call him next.

But now I give in: MAX *is* the Napoleon of the Opera.

He has refused to truckle to the Herald.

I call upon you to put the fact in Italics and to celebrate it.

The HERALD has bullied and black-mailed the opera-people long enough.

They have stood it, hitherto, because they fancied that the HERALD was necessary to them.

MARETZEK has found out the contrary.

He sees that there is no more occasion for him to truckle to the wretched sheet than for the booksellers to, who hardly recognize its existence.

So now he shows fight.

The HERALD abuses him and his company, expecting that he will down on his knees at once, when, to the stupefaction of Bennett and his Bennetian boys, he comes square out and tells the truth in the matter.

Let him go a step further, now, and refuse to advertise in the HERALD till it makes ample apology to him, and the apology will be made before the season commences.

The whole operatic community will back him up in this step, and as few of them ever look at the HERALD for musical matter they will think his advertisements better out of such a paper than in it.

But we mustn't expect too much at once.

It is something for MARETZEK to have written the following letter; and something more that the HERALD didn't dare to print it.

I copy it from the WORLD:

STATEN ISLAND, August 11.

To the Editor of the New York Herald:

DEAR SIR—Your editorial in Friday's *Herald* about the artists for the next opera season calls for some explanation, which I hope for the sake of justice you will not withhold from your readers. First of all, I desire to state that no official lists of the artists engaged for next season has yet been published, and all that until now has been said or printed about the company is mere guess work and incorrect. I believe, therefore, that your onslaught on those innocent strangers would have lost nothing of its intended effect if you had waited till you really knew who they are. All that I can inform you for the moment is that more than half of the principal artists engaged for the next season have already sung in New York, are established favorites, and the *Herald* has been the most enthusiastic of all the New York papers in its praise of their merit. I hope they are still the same, believing that the merit of an artist does not change so suddenly as the opinion of the *Herald*. Concerning those who will be new to the New York public, you state that you "*never heard of them before.*" I beg to ask whether you have heard of Bosio, Steffenone, Laborde, Medori, Carozzi, and many others before their arrival in this country? Or have you perhaps heard of Mazzoleni, Brignoli, Amodio, Graziani, Bellini, before their appearance in New York? Each of them were unknown, but they *came, sang and triumphed!* Perhaps those who will come next season may do the same. Anyhow they are entitled to a fair trial before a damaging verdict is given against them. The public will hear them, and is able to judge for itself.

About your remark that "*we pay enough for opera,*" I beg to state that in London the price for a reserved seat is about five dollars in gold, and the best artists you can hear there are precisely those who have come from New York, where they have been heard for one dollar and a half in paper money. This undeniable fact is the best proof that the public in New York, even in paying enough, does certainly not pay too much for the opera.

Your censure of my management and your allusion to the "Bohemians" who, in your opinion, have led me from

the right path, reminds me of the old proverb, that people who live in glass houses must not throw stones at other persons; inasmuch as your determined opposition to my management has, to my best knowledge, no other cause and reason than my decision to retain for next season some favorite artists who have incurred the displeasure of a certain party who seems to have more influence in the columns of the *Herald* than yourself. Therefore, take away first that beam from your own eye before you try to remove the splinters from mine.

Finally your assertion that I have become useless since I have been successful, and that public opinion shall compel me to leave this country in disgrace, gives me an opportunity to declare publicly that after many years of vicissitudes and hard struggles to establish opera, my real success dates from the day that your opposition began last year; and if ever public opinion should be able to compel any one to leave this country I think the exodus will have to start from the corner of Fulton and Nassau streets.

You may, therefore, continue for a few years more your opposition, and, in return, I will then be ready to make room to any other manager better suited to your taste. A little personal abuse from the *Herald* may even increase my success, and is, therefore, respectfully solicited. Any small favor in that line will be thankfully received by Yours truly,

MAX MARETZEK

The HERALD has grown milder in its attacks already, since the publication of this letter, and soon, if MARETZEK persists, will discontinue them altogether lest he print a page or two from his operatic cash book, showing how the good-will of the paper has been sustained in times past.

I am curious, meanwhile, to see whether Bennett has a proscenium box sent to him this year, as usual—*a compliment never paid to any other editor*—and whether his employés will be permitted to insist, as hitherto, upon an unlimited supply of free seats.

I rather think not.

Hereafter, the HERALD will probably be put upon a level with the MERCURY, which, a year or two ago, tried the little dodge of blackmailing MARETZEK, and failing in this, undertook to show that the Academy was a place of bad repute, frequented chiefly by Jenkinses and pretty waiter-girls!

In a word, MARETZEK is on the right track now and if he doesn't allow himself to be thrown off will have the public on his side, at any rate.

There is nothing the public admires more than pluck.

It is time this bowing and cringing to the HERALD—or to any other paper—were done with.

As for MARETZEK, all he has to do is to give us good opera—and this, from present appearances, he is sure to do.

His company is not the strongest one imaginable, but it is better than the average company at any opera house in Europe.

For soprano singers he will have Carozzi-Zucchi, Bossesio, Miss Kellogg, and Mdlle. Van Zandt; for contraltos Adelaide Phillips, and Mddle. Filatoff; for tenors, Mazzoleni, Massimiliani, and Morini; for baritones, Bellini and Ardavani; and for bassos, Roveri and Antonucci.

Some of the names, it seems, have never been heard of by the HERALD, but they are all well known in the musical world, and, taken, together, represent such a constellation of talent as we have not had in New York for years.

It showed great audacity on the part of MARETZEK doubtless, to have anything to do with Miss Kellogg, after Bennett's blackguard attacks upon her last year; but people will be audacious sometimes, and if other people don't like it, they must do the other thing.

The only thing I know of, by-the-way, against Miss Kellogg is, that her name is not Kellogini, or Kellogowska, and that she has no taste for the demi-monde.

What a pity!

There now, Mr. Editor, I promised you to report something about Maretzek this week, and I have told you all I can think of about him except that he is sure to bring out Meyerbeer's "African," in course of the season, which, of course, you knew before.

The only other musical news I have is that MAX STRAKOSCH is forming a travelling operatic troupe, for which he has already engaged Madame Ghioni, Madame Pauline Canissa, Madame Strakosch; Signors Macaferri, Tamaro, Mancusi, and Susini; and that GRAU is doing the same thing, and has engaged, thus far, Madame Murio-Celli, Herr Lotti, Signor Fellini, and (when Strakosch can spare him) Signor Tamaro—the rest of the company to be completed by the irrepressible impresario on his present visit to Europe.

Who will have Gazzaniga, when she gets here, is not known. One would say that she ought to appear in "The African."

And now a word or two about theatricals, and I have done.

The Broadway Theatre closed on Monday with a benefit to Manager Colville, which, thanks to Frank Drew, who volunteered on the occasion, and played Tim O'Brien and Tactic (in "The Irish Emigrant" and "Acting Mad,") was a splendid affair.

The house is now being thoroughly redecorated, and will be reopened again on the 28th for the reception of the Keans.

You will be glad to learn that a new company has been engaged for the occasion—also a new orchestra, with our old friend Cooke for conductor—and, in fact, new appointments throughout.

The Keans will open in "Henry VIII." and "The Jealous Wife," after which, for the first week, will come in order, "Louis XI.," "The Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," and "Richard III."—"Louis XI." to be played twice.

The Kean engagement is for twenty-three nights, after which look out for the Chanfrau-De Walden combination.

The Winter Garden is still in the hands of Barnum, but will open again under Manager Stuart on the 4th of next month; with whom or what I have not learned.

Two of the best members of his last year's company will be away from the city—Mrs. Sedley Brown having just gone to San Francisco for the season, and Mrs. Chanfrau being engaged in New Orleans. [I may as well state here, lest I forget it, that Mr. Bandmann has also gone to San Francisco, to remain probably for a year.]

At Niblo's Garden "Arrah-Na-Pogue" continues to draw immense houses, and will be played till the arrival of the Ravels.

At Wallack's "The Colleen Bawn" has been equally successful, though next week it will have to give place to "Born to Good Luck," when Dan Bryant is sure of another triumph, and both Moss and he (not counting in Floyd) of another little fortune.

Dan's quiet and artistic style of acting is such a relief after all the blather and swagger we have been used to in the Irish drama, that the people would flock after him if he should play all the year round.

Then, besides that, Dan is

A jolly good fellow,
Which nobody can deny.

And speaking of good fellows, I see by the Cincinnati papers that our friend Thomas Hanlon, who has been performing with the "brothers" at Pike's Opera House in that city, has just met with an accident that would have cost anybody but a Hanlon his life.

Of course it was that infernal trapeze business.

The intrepid fellow had gone splendidly through with most of it when he missed his grasp and fell to the stage from a height of nearly fifty feet!

I haven't seen the full details, but it seems that he neither broke a bone nor received any serious contusion.

What can the man be made of?

I forget whether it was Tom's turn to have a fall—for the brothers all take their turn and sometimes a turn too many—but I know that George and William and Alfred have had theirs (Alfred only a few weeks ago in New Orleans), and that they are the firmest believers in "rotation" which exist.

I wonder, by the way, if in the course of their travelling rotation they ever intend to touch again at New York.

They have been due here for months, and unless they arrive soon they are in danger of being forgotten, though not by

FIGARO.

The only person that seems to be making any money out of the Jenkins-Brown affair is a certain Bell in Broadway.

Mr. BRENTANO, 708 Broadway, requests us to say that he has a few copies of No. 1 of the new issue of the SATURDAY PRESS, which he will sell for one dollar each.

The notice in another part of this week's paper that gold checks will not be taken at this office does not apply to any that may be issued by the Barings or the Rothschilds: these will be received, for the present, at par.

At the forthcoming Bull Frog Exhibition it is announced that Frenchmen will not be admitted unless they bring certificates from the Boarding House or Hotel where they have last dined.

THE NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS' STANDING TOAST—The Subscriber.

OLIVE LOGAN sends us another of her delicious letters this week, giving a lively sketch of matters and things in Saratoga. It will be found in good company on one of our inside pages. It came too late for careful proof-reading, but the matter itself is "fourth proof."

SIGNOR BLITZ, the wizard of Philadelphia, publishes a Card denying all knowledge of any other Blitz in the world, and denouncing the person calling himself "Signor Blitz, Jr." as a no-such-thing.

Where ignorance is Blitz, 'tis folly to be wise.

A teetotal correspondent in Boston (*not* Shillaber) objects to our having printed, last week, two poems on beer. He can't bear the sight or sound of the word. He objects even to our mentioning Meyerbeer. What is to be done with such people?

(Continued from page 39.)

week which followed the date of the receipt given by the *Révue de Paris* for 800 francs, being the amount of the printing expenses on *Seraphita*. The date of this receipt was November 21st, and the publication of the *Livre Mystique* took place on the 2nd December, eleven days after the receipt of the last corrected proof of *Seraphita*. All of which proves that I could not have opposed any serious obstacles to the striking off of the book, and that at that time the end of *Seraphita* was ready for the *Révue de Paris*."

This statement is fundamentally erroneous. It is true that Werdet's receipt from the *Révue de Paris* was dated Nov. 21st, 1834, but the book was not published until the 2d of December, 1835, just one year after the date of the contract in which the author pledged himself to finish the work in less than a week, namely, on the 26th of November, 1834.

What was Balzac about all this while? Werdet had been waiting patiently for nine months, for the end of *Seraphita*, when Balzac suddenly appeared before him, and announced his intention of seeking repose and distraction in travel. In vain did Werdet plead his own cause, pour out his eloquence upon the subject of the lacking copy, and a myriad of other heart-rending circumstances. The pitiless author closed his ears to these pathetic appeals, and Werdet, knowing from sad experience that unless he was humored, he would not write a line more of the long promised book, finally gave his consent to the journey. This consent consisted in disbursing to Balzac the sum of two thousand francs, in return for which he received the promise of not only the conclusion of *Seraphita*, but also of an an entirely new manuscript to be called the *Memoires de deux Jeunes Mariées*. Balzac hired a post-chaise and was off to Vienna in a twinkling.

After an absence of eighteen days, he wrote from that capital that he had finished *Seraphita*, and that he was occupied with the last pages of the *Mémoires de deux Jeunes Mariées*, and that in a fortnight Werdet might expect him in Paris, freighted with his precious manuscripts. This epistle was decorated with a postscript, conveying the refreshing intelligence, that his correspondent had received of Messrs. Rothschild fifteen hundred francs, and had given in return a draft on him (Werdet) for that amount. The victimized publisher, much to his inconvenience, was obliged to honor the draft. Faithful to his word, Balzac arrived at the time appointed from Vienna; but what was Werdet's consternation on finding that not a line of either of the books had been committed to paper!

For a month the author did absolutely nothing, and his publisher was beginning to fall into the depths of despair, when finally, his tormentor, taking one of his sudden and characteristic starts, ordered a cot-bed to be fitted up in the printing-office, and night and day, in the midst of the printers, who set up his copy as fast as he wrote it, he at last added the finishing touches to *Seraphita*. The book was highly successful, and twenty days after its publication M. Werdet found himself obliged to issue a second edition, which, in a measure, consoled him for his previous tribulations.

The following year, 1836, a similar incident occurred with regard to a novel, called *Sœur Marie des Anges*. One day Balzac invited himself to dine with Werdet, and *entre la poire et le fromage*, as they say, he begged his friend to lend him 500 francs. He intended, he said, to retire to La Boulonnière on the road to Némours, and there, in the solitude of the country he would execute *Sœur Marie des Anges*, which he had already promised Werdet three years before. A fortnight was the time agreed upon for the delivery of the manuscript complete, Werdet disbursed the 500 francs, and away went Balzac. At the end of the fortnight he sent word that *Sœur Marie des Anges* was completed, but that he feared to trust it by the diligence. He therefore begged Werdet to go himself and receive it, stating that it was his intention to remain the country a short time longer. The publisher, overjoyed at the punctuality of his author, took the diligence, and after a tedious ride of twenty-four hours, arrived at his destination. On inquiring for his manuscript, Balzac laughed in his face. He had not written a line! He considered the whole affair a capital practical joke; and although it had been paid for long in advance, M. Werdet never received the first page of *Sœur Marie des Anges*.

V.

The limits of this article will not permit us to enter into further details of the various transactions of Balzac with his publishers. We have presented one or two examples as sufficiently characteristic. Let us merely add that after a while M. Werdet was obliged to break off his relations with the author, unable as he was to support all those peculiarities, which almost invariably turned out to his detriment in one way or another. In spite of his admiration and friendship for Balzac, he found that his own interest suffered sadly, and he was only too glad to avail himself of a misunderstanding in order to transfer his interest as publisher to a M. Béthune; which transaction was effected in consideration of the sum of 68,300 francs.

We do not intend to indite an elaborate appreciation of the character of Balzac. We prefer that the reader should take that trouble upon himself; but in order that he may have some few data to guide him in his judgment, we will select for him a few anecdotes and incidents, and having seen them safe within his hands, will humbly make our bow.

One day, in the drawing-room of Madame Sophie Gay, Balzac mentioned the fact of his having presented a beautiful white horse to his friend Jules Sandeau. He described the animal in the most minute manner, enlarged upon his qualities, the purity of his race, his points, and related many charming anecdotes of his wonderful sagacity, with that brilliancy of narrative and animation of manner, that rendered his conversation so sparkling and attractive. He even went so far as to give, in Baucher's own words, that famous horseman's eulogy of the unique quadruped. Shortly after, Jules Sandeau, in the same saloon was the subject of countless congratulations, at which he was highly astonished, especially as no horse had ever been offered to him by anybody. Balzac coming up in a few minutes, inquired of Sandeau, with the utmost coolness, if he was pleased with the gift he had sent him. Sandeau, who knew the peculiarities of his friend, at once replied in the affirmative, and landed, in the highest terms, the magnificent courser. As nobody ever took the trouble to undeceive him, Balzac, to the day of his death, was firmly convinced that he had presented a beautiful white horse to Jules Sandeau.

He was constantly boasting of his descent from the noble house of d'Entragues (although there was no foundation for this assumption), whose arms were emblazoned upon his coach-panels, and shone in gold and colors upon his book-covers, and, in fact, upon everything, to which they could not be a positive disfigurement. He was very punctilious upon the subject of the respect due to his rank, and extremely haughty with those who were unable to exhibit as many quarterings as himself. His friends, familiar with his idiosyncracies, were accustomed to humor his caprices; but upon one occasion, he was terribly snubbed, and by no less a personage than the Emperor of Russia himself. M. Philaréte Chasles, in the *Dictionnaire de la Conversation*, relates the anecdote in the following terms: "After the appearance of M. de Custine's work on Russia, it was stated that the Czar earnestly desired the pen of a French author capable of defending his empire and his throne from the imputations of the marquis. Balzac, if we are to credit the *Augsburg Gazette*, took a post-chaise, started for St. Petersburg, and on his arrival in that capital addressed to the Emperor a note couched in the following terms: 'M. de Balzac, the writer, and M. de Balzac the nobleman, solicit of his Majesty the favor of a private audience.' The next day, according to the same *Gazette*, an equerry of the Czar handed to Balzac the following note: 'M. de Balzac the nobleman, and M. de Balzac the writer, are invited to hire a post-chaise at their earliest convenience.' Upon which Balzac deemed it prudent to leave."

He held all his inferiors in the utmost contempt, and frequently treated them in the most brutal manner. A party, comprising among others, Balzac, Alphonse Karr, Jules Sandeau, and a young author of talent, Jules Bergounioux, were one day dining with M. Werdet, when the conversation turned upon copyright, and the piracy of French works in Belgium. The subject had been generally discussed, when Bergounioux remarked with some indignation: "Yes, gentlemen, all of *us, men of letters*, should unite in addressing to the King, a statement of our grievances," etc., etc. Balzac waited until he had finished, and then cried out: "*You*, sir, *you* a man of letters! What assumption! *You* dare to compare yourself with us! You forget, sir, that you have the honor to be seated with the *marchals of modern literature!*" For these offensive remarks, he was severely reprimanded by his companions, who had the utmost difficulty in preventing a serious collision between the young author and his brutal interlocutor.

Balzac's *cane* was for a long time an object of wonder to all Paris, and Madame de Girardin has made it the subject of one of her charming stories. The circumstances connected with it were simply these:—Balzac was incarcerated in the celebrated "*Hôtel des Haricots*," the name given to the prison in which members of the National Guard are confined for infringements of the regulations of the service. One evening while supping with some friends, he received a package con-

taining an enormous lock of beautiful blonde hair, evidently the entire capillary ornament of some fair female. This was confined by a gold ring, garnished with an emerald of considerable value. A scrap of perfumed tinted paper accompanied the gift, and bore the English words: "*An Unknown Friend.*" After much reflection, Balzac resolved to have made a splendid cane, the head of which, set around with precious stones, should be hollow, and contain the lock of hair in question. The order was given and executed, and the cane, which was huge as that of a drum-major's, soon became as familiar to the Parisians as the tower of Nôtre Dame. As to the "Unknown Friend," no clue was ever discovered to her identity.

Deeming the magnificence of this work of art little in keeping with his manner of living, Balzac at once proceeded to elevate himself to a position commensurate with the importance of his precious staff. He accordingly hired a beautiful coupé for 500 francs a month, ordered a gorgeous livery for his coachman, and engaged a homuncule for groom, whom, on account of the exiguity of his proportions, he christened Millet-Seed. He also had his box at the opera, and at once took rank among the lions of the day.

He had three styles of dress; his working costume, his street dress, and his grand toilette. The former consisted of the white robe of a Dominican friar, made of cachemire for summer wear, and of very fine flannel for the cold weather, pantaloons of the same material, and slippers of the choicest red morocco, richly embroidered with gold thread. His robe was confined at the waist by a Venetian gold chain, from which hung a rich gold paper-folder and a pair of scissors of the same precious metal. His street dress was slovenly in the extreme; an old dark brown surtout, buttoned up to the chin, and variegated with ancient adipose designs; black pantaloons, that barely covered his ancles, disclosing coarse blue yarn stockings, and thick shoes, virgin of strings or of Day & Martin; a rope of green and red merino twisted about his neck for a cravat, and a venerable felt hat, with low crown and broad brim. His grand toilette consisted of a dark blue coat, with buttons of pure gold, black pantaloons of elegant cut, white waistcoat, black silk open-worked stockings, linen of excessive fineness and irreproachably white, straw-colored kid gloves, and a good felt hat.

When the working fit was upon him, he not unfrequently shut himself up during entire months, laboring incessantly eighteen hours a day, and practicing the abstinence of an anchorite. His diet comprised a cup of black coffee without sugar, at eight, after his bath. At twelve, boiled eggs and another cup of black coffee. At six, a very light dinner, with a small glass of Vouvray wine, of which he was very fond. He retired to bed at eight, after a mere mouthful of supper, but invariably rose to begin his day at two o'clock in the morning.

But his work once completed, he eschewed abstemiousness, and allowed his natural appetite full sway. On one occasion, while dining at Véry's with M. Wendet (who, let us add in parenthesis, was obliged to pay the bill, as he usually did on such occasions), Balzac alone consumed the following bill of fare: One hundred Ostend oysters, twelve broiled mutton chops, a duck *aux navets*, a brace of roast partridges, a fried sole, not to mention in detail the *hors d'œuvre* and incidental dishes, such as pastry or fruit, of which a dozen large pears disappeared in his capacious maw; cake, wine, and liqueurs. Of this enormous dinner, not an eatable fragment nor a drinkable dreg remained.

His imagination was constantly giving birth to the most extravagant projects for his own aggrandizement by speculation. He had a mania for organising joint stock companies for the exploitation of his favorite schemes. He was a sort of splendid Montague Tigg in theory, though luckily he never received sufficient encouragement to enable him to put his theories into practice. He fancied at one time that he had discovered a new substitute for rags that was sure to revolutionize the manufacture of paper; on another occasion he asked of the Sardinian Government the permission to work certain mines which he believed to exist there, from the fact of his having detected traces of metal in some brick-bats which he had brought away with him after a journey to that island. He possessed a ring which he believed to have once ornamented the digit of Mahomet, and endeavored to persuade his friends to join him in offering to the Great Mogul the precious relic, in return for which that potentate could not fail to load him with wealth, and thrust no end of honors upon him. Finally, who has not heard of his famous grocery-scheme? He called it a "sublime idea" by which he was sure of netting 500,000 francs in a month. He was to hire a shop upon the Boulevard des Italiens, stock it well with groceries, and put up a huge sign, bearing in gilt letters, the words: "Honore de Balzac, Grocer." The affair could not fail to create an immense sensation. Everybody would flock to witness the great author dealing out prunes by the quart, and tea by the pound. He calculated the number of persons that passed daily along the Boulevard, and allowing that each person spent one sou for the satisfaction of his curiosity, the speculation could not fail to be highly remunerative. Luckily, however, his sublime idea was never carried into effect.

These incidents will suffice to show what manner of man Balzac was. We have been obliged to omit many other circumstances of interest, among which was the unsuccessful speculation of the *Chronique de Paris*, which ruined all those who had a hand in it. Neither will we enlarge upon his dramatic career, which was not undertaken (if we except his boyish essay of "Cromwell") until the latter years of his life. We will merely state that his first piece, "*Vautrin*," was performed one night at the Porte St. Martin on the 14th of March, 1840. The actor who played the principal part having had the unfortunate idea to "make up" like the King, Louis Philippe, the further performance of the piece was officially interdicted. At the Odéon, the *Ressources de Quinola*, and *Mercadet* at the Comédie Française, were highly successful. This latter piece has been rendered familiar to American and English theatre-goers by Mr. Charles Matthew's performance, in the translation: "A Game of Speculation."

In 1850, Balzac married a woman whom he had loved for fifteen years, their acquaintance dating from his journey to Vienna in 1835. At that early date the lady was married, but becoming finally a widow, she accepted the hand of Balzac, who, alas! had but a few short months to enjoy that happiness, for which, during so many long years, his heart had been constantly yearning. The lady was the Countess Eve de Hanska. During his short honeymoon, he suffered severely from an aneurism, which terminated fatally on the 18th of August, 1850. His death was the signal for general mourning, and his remains were followed to their last resting place by an immense multitude, in which all who were celebrated in the republic of letters, as well as in official positions, were present to pay their sad homage to the memory of one of the greatest geniuses their country ever produced. M. Baroche, the Minister of the Interior, and Messieurs Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, and Francis Wey, were pall-bearers; and the Institute, the University, the Society of Men of Letters, that of Dramatic Authors, and the Schools of Law and of Medicine, were largely represented in the cortège. M. Victor Hugo pronounced an affecting discourse at the grave; the sod was patted down, and Honore de Balzac was left to slumber by the side of his friends Charles Nodier and Casimir Delavigne.

In person Balzac was short, fat, and ungainly, with a large head, and long, uncombed, iron-gray hair. His face was broad, rosy, jovial, and monkish: his mouth large, and laughing, beneath a pair of thick moustaches: his features would have appeared vulgar, and they not been relieved by the extraordinary fire of his small black eyes, which added to his countenance all the animation it lacked in itself.

His conversational powers were inconceivable. He entranced his listeners by a magnetism of manner, and a vivacity, a sparkle of dialogue, that was inimitable. He himself, seemed on such occasions to be under a strange influence, which became rapidly contagious, and held each listener spell-bound. This, however, only manifested itself in private circles and when he was surrounded by his intimate friends. In larger réunions he was quite a different person. He was heavy in diction, and massive in manner; he fell to the level of the most ordinary talker, and his conversation was trivial in the extreme, not unfrequently coarse.

His industry, notwithstanding his numerous irregularities, was surprising. If we sum up the list of his works, we find that, from 1827 to 1848, ninety-seven different books, comprising over 10,000 close-printed pages, issued from his pen. All this, together with his proof-reading, and the laborious corrections alluded to above, he accomplished alone, never in his life having employed either an amanuensis or a proof-corrector. In each of the years 1830 and 1832, he published eleven new works, which, with the eight that he issued in 1831, amount to thirty original novels in the short space of three years.

And now we lay down our pen, lest some of our readers be tempted to exclaim with Martial:

"Jam lector queriturque defleticus;
Jam liberatus hoc et ipse dixit:
'Oho! jam satis est; oho! libelle!'"

F. L. W.

NELLY.

Upon some sly affair
Connubially dishonest,
Vide "Lempriere,"
Jupiter was not sure
And dame Juno thought
Scandal and divorce
Consolation brought,
So gave a little party.

To the welcome feast
Came the high Deesses;
There they could at least
Interchange distresses;
For everybody knows
Who, by heart, the Myth has—
Goddesses had woes,
Just as Mrs. Smith has.

Soon an earthly guest
Came by invitation,
Being to the rest
Something of relation.
Nelly 'twas, and she
Perfection so resembled,
For her sovereignty
The Queen of Beauty trembled.

After tea there came
A gambling speculation,
Bringing with the same
Celestial tribulation;
For my Nelly soon,
Playing with discretion,
From each Goddess won
All her rich possession.

Juno lost her port,
Dignity and stature—
Everything, in short,
Save her jealous nature.
Pallas lost her mind
With wit and wisdom glowing:
Aphrodite pined
To see her beauty going.

Hebe yielded up—
Her time-defying treasure—
Youth's immortal cup,
Source of every pleasure.
And the Graces Three,
Losing all but honor,
Vowed for life to be
Slaves to wait upon her.

When on this earthly ball
My Nelly thus alighted,
With the gifts of all
The Goddesses united,
'Tis not strange that she,
Without much endeavor,
Quickly won from me
Heart and soul forever.

JOHN BROUGHAM.

LETTER FROM OLIVE LOGAN.

SARATOGA, *August 15th.*

MY DEAR PRESS:—

Just as we were all going into church last Sunday (a beautiful little Episcopalian chapel, with stained glass windows, where there is a lot of pigeons, who live up in the cloisters, and amuse themselves by flying about during service, which is picturesque, but rather distracting to the attention), I heard a boy cry out,

"Here yall Setudy papers! Who wants New York Setudy papers?"

Who wanted them? Why I did, to be sure, so letting Mère get on a few steps (she doesn't allow us to traffic on Sundays) I took out the very fifty cent bill I had destined for the "collection," and changed the same to buy a SATURDAY PRESS. I opened it hastily, and when I saw you had put in my nonsense which I wrote you last week, I blushed so it actually caused me pain; and when I read the pretty compliment you paid me, I positively could have kissed the paper (as I always do somebody's letters) except that it was Sunday, and a great crowd thronging into church. Just at that moment, through the mass of people, came my friend, Mr. T——, working his way up to me.

"Did you write that letter in the SATURDAY PRESS?" he inquired.

As I didn't exactly know what criticism he was going to make, I felt half inclined to deny it.

"It's wonderful," he said, grasping my hand, and getting lost again in the crowd.

I didn't know what to make of that. Things that are wonderful are not always nice. There are wonderful and hideous monstrosities in doctor's shops, such as snakes with two heads and babies with none at all. "Wonderful" was open to conjecture.

I was conjecturing upon it, when Miss Oligarch and her mother came up to me. These poor ladies are from the South, and are living in abject penury at the Clarendon Hotel here, only paying twenty dollars a day board. They have been robbed of everything by this inhuman government. I feel very sorry for them, and wish some one would "wrong" me in the same manner.

"Is this you, dear?" asked Mrs. Oligarch, who is very near-sighted.

"I think so," I replied. Indeed I felt quite certain on this point.

"We read your letter in the SATURDAY PRESS."

"Yes?" I inquired, with a good deal of *nonchalance*."

"Yes; and we laughed at it very much. Here, Melinda, take your prayer-book—are my flounces down behind?"

This was even a stranger criticism than the other. I don't think anybody likes to be laughed at. I don't, for one; do you?

But at length, putting these criticisms together, I came to the conclusion, with the characteristic vanity of womankind, that it was all meant to be complimentary; and by the time I had entered the church, I had so worked on my own imagination that, like the comic review of the virtuous young man in Solon Shingle, I exclaimed madly to myself, "Great heavens, how brilliant I am!" There were no seats to be had, but I cared not, I felt convinced that somebody, recognizing my brilliancy, would rise for my accommodation.

No one did.

But what is home without a mother? She had extended her hoops, and thus held for me a secured seat, without extra charge. I slipped in, and bowing my head, said a little prayer, which was not exempt from the silliness of a foolish flattered woman.

"Oh Lord, look down upon a brilliant, humble sinner."

Just before the sermon commenced, I heard a little conversation going on behind me.

"Do you see this lady here in front of us?"

Another allusion to my brilliancy, I knew it would be.

"Well, that collar she's got on is real *point d'Alençon*."

The big Indian, Red Jacket, and his tomahawk, could not have been more savage than I at this. The information given was totally incorrect, too, as the collar, changed at some unknown period by a remorseless washerwoman, and which I wear because it fits me, is of an extremely fine quality regarding it as lace. Somehow this little episode breaks up my ideas of brilliancy, and makes me think of the instability of human affairs, and wish it were dinner time. However, I determined to write to you again. You have given me an inch; you may take an L.

Saturday was the last day of the great Saratoga races, which opened finely, but which diminished greatly in interest towards the end. The truth is, six days' racing is too much for even the best regulated horses, and I think that, beyond a few people who had bet their money on favorite animals, trainers, and jockies, (not that I mean trainers and jockies are animals,) there was but a sorry attendance on Saturday.

The whole place is posted with small handbills, announcing that John Morrissey lost four thousand dollars on the race-course, for which he offers a reward of five hundred dollars. But who would have the temerity to approach the ex-prize-fighter, hoping to receive five hundred dollars for a mere act of duty? I am sure I would not do so, unless I wished to receive a gratuitous lesson in the mysteries of the P. R.

But from grave to gay, from lively to severe, I have been going through a good deal of what is facetiously termed amusement lately, and feel it incumbent on me, as I am writing for a newspaper, to speak of that delirious thing. But never a word will you get me to say about the exquisite toilette of the beautiful Miss A, or the fascinating Mrs. B, or the too lovely widow C; each, by a singular coincidence, the belle of the hotel in which she lives, *and they all live in the same one.* Ah, Mr. Press, you may talk as you will, but the bell which sounds at three o'clock precisely, has much more music in it than the silly clatter of the other belles, which lasts from the time they get up till the time they get down; and at what o'clock that is, *Dieu sait.*

I hope you will never ask me to write your fashion article. The most unintelligible stuff in the world to me is that strange mélange, which I may dub "fashion-French." "A *jupe* trimmed with three *boisillons*; *taffetas* garnished *en tablier*." Is not this fearful?

Does or does not *bouillon* mean soup? Think of a dress trimmed with three *bouillons!*

They would wear dresses trimmed with soup here if they could get them. The taste exhibited is something simply outrageous. Now, I hold that I am a competent and an unprejudiced observer. I am not very old yet, my liver is active, my spirits cheery; I have not been disappointed in love, and am ignorant of the pangs of the toothache. Therefore it cannot be said that I look upon life, youth, and gaiety with a jaundiced eye. But I persist in stating, that the fascinating Miss Zero, walking about the grounds of the Union in the afternoon, before dinner, in a full dress ball toilette, *tulle* skirts, cherry silk, short tunic, bare arms and neck, with the highly appropriate addition of a parasol, is a fit mark for any one to fly shafts of ridicule at. Poor creatures! They pay dearly for their folly. How much they looked as if they envied me, who dare be unfashionable, and wear whatever I will, and be comfortable. But they are no-

thing, unless they show their money, and to this end a lady, with a cheerful regard for the *eyes*, appeared the other night, at a ball at the Union, in a *black velvet* dress.

Think of it, shade of Fahrenheit! and Fahrenheit eighty in the shade!—a black velvet in August! But a black velvet costs a great many dollars a yard and gets spoken of in the newspapers. As for diamonds, they are positively a drug in the market. It is not affectation to say that I am really disenchanted with this valuable stone, as it is worn so constantly here, and with so little discrimination. I thought it was well understood that diamonds were exclusively ornaments for the evening; but here we see them from seven o'clock in the morning till midnight, flashing away, faintly or grandly as the case may be.

If the editor of the SATURDAY PRESS has any idea of presenting me with a brooch, ear-rings, or finger-ring, set with brilliants, I trust he will avoid the genus "cluster," as it is now a distinguishing mark of gentility *not* to wear that style, especially in rings which loom ominously from vulgar and insignificant forefingers.

We hear that a great number of persons left here after the racing week, but I can only say their absence is unremarked. Others coming fill the places of the departed as the incoming wave rushes in where its fellow flowed away into the ocean's infinite space.

A grand fancy dress ball is announced to take place at one of the large hotels next Friday evening, which inquisitorial torture I shall avoid.

In the afternoon it is rather pleasant, because of the shade, to sit in the grounds of the Union Hotel, where between the hours of four and five there is music. The Messrs. Leland sparing no pains to make their house attractive to guests, have engaged the very worst brass band I ever listened to.

This is a nice place for fires. The houses are almost all built of wood, and there is absolutely no water about. This is strange, considering the number of springs which abound. But the minute a house catches fire, you may know it is gone. Not a vestige of it remains. Last year the Water-Cure, an immense establishment, and this year the United States Hotel and the Marion House, besides other buildings which lay adjacent, were totally destroyed.

It is estimated that the village has lost more by the absence of those persons who would have filled these hotels than it would cost to build a reservoir of ample dimensions. This is, to say the least of it, penny wise and gallons foolish.

As I observed last week, there are more things to be told than this; but I will only tell them little by little. This is out of regard for you. Just so sure as you eat too many of the plums in your pudding, just so sure are you to be ill. And so with Saratoga. Take too much of it, and you may send at once for Dr. Kramp.

Witness the girls who come up here to be in the country, and who, what with late hours, and balls, and rides, and flirting, go back to town looking hollow-eyed and worn-out and decidedly ill. Never do you adopt such a course, dear PRESS, because it might spoil your beauty.

Determined, as I cannot cure you, not to make you ill, I am yours, faithfully,

OLIVE LOGAN.

LOVE'S GIFT.

I wove the web of life with troubled heart,
For all the threads, I found, were black as night;
Sometimes I wished to rend the web apart,
And fling the worthless fragments out of sight
Into the grave. For many weary years
I toiled and battled 'gainst pale-faced Despair,
Inbraiding with the woof my bitter tears,
Making it darker with my gloom and care;—

When, as I carelessly wove on one day,
By sorrow, not by years, becoming old,
Lo, bright and ready to my hand there lay
A flashing thread of crimson and of gold.
How rich it seemed, mixed with the sombre hue,
Like precious stones ablaze in a dark mine!
And, now I sit and weave, the whole day through,
Crimson and gold,—a gift, O Love, of thine!

M. E.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 11, 1859.

JOHN OAKHEART AND SON.

BY DION BOUCICAULT.

John Oakheart and Son are Baltic merchants. Young John entered his father's office as a clerk, at sixty pounds a year, of which he paid his mother forty for his board, lodging and washing, and clothed himself with the odd twenty. Do not imagine that Mr. Oakheart's establishment required this assistance. The old gentleman desired to make his son feel independent—he was a man, he earned his own livelihood, and he should feel that he supported himself. At twenty-five years of age, young Oakheart marries, receiving with his wife a moderate sum of money. He wants to purchase a share in his father's business; they cannot come to terms. Young John can make a better bargain with a rival house in the trade. The old man hesitates: he likes the sound of John Oakheart and Son; but business is business. Had his son married a penniless girl, the father would have given him what he now refuses to sell; but now, business is business, and as a calculation, he can't do it. So young John becomes chief partner in a rival firm to that which must one day be his, and trades against the old man, whose only aim is to lay up wealth for his son.

Every day, at four o'clock, leaning against a particular corner on 'Change, stands the elder merchant, his hands deeply sunk into his dog-eared pockets. A young city man approaches, they exchange a quiet careless nod:

"Feel inclined to discount for 1,200 at long date?"

"What security?" asks old John.

"Turkish, '54."

"Ay names?"

"My own only; it is a private matter, and has nothing to do with our house," replies the younger man. "I will give four per cent."

"I should want more than that, as money goes—say 4½."

"The brokers only ask 4¼," replies the young man.

"Then give it." And they separate with an indifferent nod. That was father and son.

Every Sunday young John and his wife dine at Russell Square, in the same house where old Oakheart has lived for thirty years. His name has been cleaned out of the brass plate on the door. This house young John still looks upon, and speaks of as his home. All the associations of his childhood are there—every piece of furniture is an old friend—every object is sacred in his eyes, from his own picture, taken at four years old, with its chubby face and fat legs, to the smoke-dried print of General Abercrombie. They form the architecture of that temple of his heart—his home.

After dinner the ladies have retired. The crimson curtains are comfortably closed. The crackling fire glows with satisfaction, and old John pushes the bottle across to his son, for if old John has a weakness, it is for tawney port.

"Jack, my boy," says he, "what do you want with 1200 pounds?" "Well, Sir," replies young John, "there is a piece of ground next to my villa at Brixton, and they threaten to build upon it—if so, they will spoil our view. Emily," meaning his wife, "has often begged me to buy it, and inclose it in our garden. Next Wednesday is her birthday, and I wish to gratify her with a surprise; but I have reconsidered the matter—I ought not to afford it—so I have given it up."

"Quite right, Jack," responded the old man, "it would have been a piece of extravagance"—and the subject drops.

Next Wednesday, being Emily's birthday, the old couple dine with the young folks. Just before dinner, old John takes his daughter-in-law aside, and places in her hands a parchment—it is the deed of the little plot of ground she coveted. He stops her thanks with a kiss and hurries away.

Ere the ladies retire, Emily finds time to whisper the secret to her husband. And the father and son are alone. Watch the old man's eyes fixed on the fire, for he has detected this piece of affectionate treachery, and is almost ashamed of his act, because he does not know how to receive his son's thanks. For a few moments a deep, gentle feeling broods upon the young man's heart, he has no words—it is a prayer syllabled in emotions that makes his lips tremble; he lays his hand upon his father's arm and their eyes meet.

"Tut, Jack, sir! pooh! sir, it must all come to you some day—God bless you, my boy, and make you as happy at my age as I am now." In silence the souls of those men embrace. But who is that seraph that gathers them beneath her outspread angel wings? I have seen her at the fireside fluttering like a dove from bosom to bosom. I have seen her linking distant hearts, parted by the whole world—she is the good genius of the Anglo-Saxon family—and her name is Home.

A POLITICAL WORD TO THE WISE.—It is always a great evil for a country which has been a prey to agitation, that honest men, or good men, as Cicero called them, do not accept the modern ideas which by moderating they might direct. Hence profound divisions. On the one hand, disreputable people profit by the good or evil passions of the crowd; on the other, honorable, but passive or intractable men, oppose all progress, and provoke, by their obstinate resistance, legitimate impatience and deplorable violence. The opposition of these last mentioned has the double disadvantage of leaving the field clear to those

less worthy, and of keeping up doubt in the minds of the floating mass, who judge of parties more by the probity of individuals than by the value of ideas.

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